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THE LEHIGH BURR.

VOL. II.

JUNE, 1883.

No. 10.

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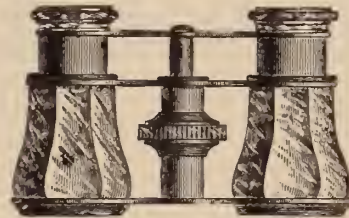
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THE LEHIGH BURR.

VOL. 2.

JUNE, 1883.

No. 10.

THE LEHIGH BURR.

Published monthly during the college year by the students of the
Lehigh University.

EDITORS:

N. O. GOLDSMITH, '83, *Managing Editor*.

J. A. WATSON, '84, *Business Editor*.

F. H. PURNELL, '83.

H. A. BUTLER, '83.

A. P. SMITH, '84.

H. B. DOUGLAS, '84.

C. M. TOLMAN, '85.

R. H. DAVIS, '86.

Students and graduates are requested to contribute matter of all descriptions, which may be sent to the Managing Editor, Box 141, South Bethlehem, Pa.

Business communications should be sent to the Business Editor, Box 497, Bethlehem, Pa.

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WE would call attention to the article on athletics, which the director of the gymnasium has kindly written for us. It contains a great deal of sense in a few words, by one who is thoroughly alive to our interests and impartially observant of our shortcomings. It is time that we stopped talking and went to work in this matter if we expect to build up a future success.

BY action of the board of Editors the following gentlemen were elected to serve during the year 1883-4:

A. P. SMITH, '84.

H. B. DOUGLAS, '84.

C. O. HAINES, '84.

J. A. WATSON, '84.

I. A. HEIKES, '85.

R. H. WILBUR, '85.

R. H. DAVIS, '86.

Mr. Watson will remain on the board until Christmas, when a man will be elected from eighty-seven. The classes of eighty-five and

eighty-six are each entitled to another editor, but unless they make some effort to fill the places, they will remain vacant.

WITH this number we end the second volume of the BURR, and as the BURR has shown itself opposed to valedictories, we will burden our readers with only a few remarks.

The relation of a paper to its college is probably different at every institution in the land. If we were to explain ours, we would be immediately accused of growling. There is one thing which is somewhat discouraging, that we work for a hypercritical town and an indifferent college. One thing more: In criticising the paper, remember the circumstances under which the editors work, compare the result with other college papers and don't forget that we are doing this for the benefit of the college and you, the students. Also that the editors have no conspiracy against the University nor the peace of any man.

It probably never occurred to any one here, that if the BURR is not a satisfactory representative of Lehigh in the inter-collegiate newspaper world, that they ought to give a helping hand to make it better; No! and never will to some.

To the incoming board we wish all possible success, and the consolation that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

WITHIN a year or two, Greek and Latin will probably be added to the requirements for the entrance examination to the technical courses. The requirements will not be as great as in the case of classical students of course, but will be sufficient to ensure an acquaintance with the structure of these languages, the ability to read them with a vocabulary, and to a certain extent a knowledge of

the root meanings and derivation of those words which are so frequently met with in scientific works, and which are as frequently awkward and unintelligible to men who know nothing of the languages from which they come.

This will render necessary the spending of more time in a good high school or preparatory school, where that drill and general education is obtained which forms the only good foundation for a specialist's training. It will doubtless diminish the number of applicants for these courses, but those who do enter, will do so with their faculties so developed as to enable them to take up with greater ease the rigorous courses to follow, and the Christmas and June examinations will cease to be as decimating in their effects.

The change is one which will be welcomed by all who wish to see the profession of engineering elevated and who look forward to the time when no one can claim the title without having earned it.

EVERY college has its peculiarities; peculiarities in its traditions; peculiarities in the sentiment of the general body of students. The most noticeable characteristic of Lehigh students is the under current of cynicism which runs through our thoughts and actions. Nothing will damn a man quicker than to say, "O! he gushes." It arises from the quick detection of, and utter disgust for anything which tends toward buncombe, and which, carried to extremes, leads us to thus discount honest enthusiasm.

Its worst manifestation is in the discredit which has fallen upon anything connected with the prize system. It crops out in such slurs as "O! he's trying for the Wilbur," and "He thinks he's going to make a walker," or "He's trying to run things," when a man gives his time and energy to pushing some project which he thinks will benefit the college.

The man who works conscientiously for a prize and gets it, is rather looked down upon,

he is a grind. The man who goes out in society three nights in the week, loafs the rest of the time and leads his class is respected. The man who spends the night dancing and takes a medal on the track the next day, is admired. One would naturally conclude that there are few to be respected. Right. We are all lost in admiration of ourselves; thinking of all that we could do if we tried, and how manly it is in us not to try. If any scheme is started, everybody stands aloof and says, "O! what's the use, it will be sure to fall through," with the implied addition that "I am an exceedingly *blasé* youth who has seen everything and done everything, and out of my varied experience I know that this thing is going to be a failure, unless, perhaps I should be asked to take the lead." As a natural result it does fail. This is all wrong; the true man is modestly conscious of his powers and therefore self reliant. He forms a generous estimate of the abilities of others, and is willing to develop his own by measuring swords with them in open and fair contest, with no morbid fear of failure. He has faith in the common honesty of mankind and is willing to join with them in enterprises in which he is not necessarily the bright and shining star, and which may not redound to his single and isolated benefit. He may make a mistake occasionally, but he comes up right in the end.

A life of consistent cynicism may render one the admiration of a select coterie of loafers, but it will never gain you a place among the world's benefactors.

WE judge the time has arrived when it is advisable to require more mathematics for entrance to the technical courses.

The term marks of the freshmen in Algebra and Trigonometry, when we take into consideration the thoroughness and ability of Mr. Meaker as an instructor, show that the classes are eminently able to take up a branch of higher mathematics than that pursued at present in the freshman year.

There is no reason why the entrance examinations should not include all of Geometry, Algebra and Trigonometry, then the freshmen would take up the mathematics of the sophomore year.

There can be no objection to this; it will possibly bring a class of men who are older than those here at present, but we must remember that a technical student occupies the same position in relation to his studies here that a man does who reads law or studies medicine. In a classical college we have a general education; in a technical school, we have a professional education.

There is no doubt but that the University will be benefitted by such a change, and the time thus gained in the second term of sophomore year and first term of junior year, could be used to an advantage, by giving it either to a more thorough pursuit of the present curriculum, or by adding some necessary but thus far neglected subject.

HARD LUCK.

SCENE—THE HOP.

THE gym. is all ablaze with light,
A waltz floats out upon the night.
In nooks secluded, hid from sight,
Sit Peggoty and Barkis.

He is a brave of eighty-three
Who sought the valedictoree;
And she a nymph of exactlee
Eight and thirty summers.

But now, bereft of audience,—
He missed it only by some tenths—
He thinks it would be "just immense,"
To speak it off before her.

Thus ran the speech: "'Tis sad to be
Compelled to part; to go from thee,
And far away"—"Not yet," says she,
"Pa's lawyer has those letters."

L'ENVOI.

A month from then—so runs the story,
Beneath the orange blossoms' glory
He gave the kiss salutatory
At Hymen's own Commencement.
—Mar.

HANDBOOK OF LEHIGH,

OR

THE TOURIST'S COMPANION AND INSTRUCTOR.

The only authorized edition.

PREFACE.

IN issuing this little book the editors feel no trepidation. They know that a want exists, and they know that they were predestined to fill that want.

The whole work is based on the editors personal acquaintance with the places described, most of which they have repeatedly and carefully explored with the *sole* object in view of writing this book. As, however, changes are constantly taking place, they will highly appreciate any communications with which travellers may kindly favor them, of the result of their observations. The information already received from numerous correspondents, and which they gratefully acknowledge, has in many cases proved most serviceable.

CURRENCY.—Travellers are advised to provide themselves with a supply of ponies, as these are very convenient and in general circulation; larger sums can be carried in sight draughts on the Brewery Bank. All measurements here given are in freshmen feet which can be approximately reduced to English measure by multiplying by three.

PACKER HALL.

On entering the grounds the visitor is struck (figuratively speaking) by the colossal fabric, Packer Hall, built of the inevitable Potsd—* sandstone, and situated on a beautiful terrace.

This terrace is not the idle fancy of a landscape gardener. There is nothing idle about it. It was constructed with the intention of decreasing the number of students by increasing their absences in their attempts to mount

*As it is the desire of the editors to produce a book which can safely be placed in the hands of sub-freshmen, they are determined that nothing even bordering on profanity shall be admitted.

Morality must be preserved even at the risk of ambiguity.

its perpendicular sides. It is a graphic example of the old axiom, "there is no royal road to learning." On the second floor of Packer is the Museum. The Museum is always open to visitors and criticism, no change is expected from either. The Museum was once an aviary and the birds now on exhibition were those happy, fluttering warblers in gilded cages. On first hearing the present choir in the chapel over their heads, they were stricken in death and remained as we now see them. Around the walls are ranged relics of battles, flags taken at sieges, guns captured on Chatham street, and a pocket handkerchief used in the Mexican war, whether for a wound in the body or a cold in the head is unknown. The tradition of the skeleton is that it belonged to the only student who boarded at Christmas during his whole college course, he was reduced to his present condition by graduation day.

Passing from the Museum to the right, we approach what is commonly known as the Star Chamber. Over the portal is the unwritten inscription, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." It is much visited by students.

Directly above the Museum is the college chapel. This was originally intended for religious exercises, but is now used only for assembling the students in order that the new instructors may become acquainted with them. The banners are hung on the outer wall as storm signals whenever it threatens to rain; and are also used to mark the foul lines in base ball games. The latter usage accounting for their startling appearance.

The Tower is a much frequented resort among casual visitors. It is fifty-seven feet high (standard freshman measurement) and its ascent is taken by students in carefully regulated doses as a counter irritant in aggravated cases of flunking.

Tradition has it, that one man actually ascended to the top and descended the same day. He was a noted kicker, however.

Leaving Packer by the western door, we now turn to the left and descend the terrace

by a magnificent flight of steps, built of the best hemlock wood and finest gravel, called Jacob's Ladder, because only angels can ascend and descend them—without swearing. There are exactly seventeen and one-half steps. Travellers are advised to count them as they will thus know when they get to the bottom. After admiring this noble specimen of staircase architecture, we proceed onward one hundred and two steps, when turning to the right closing the right eye and adjusting the left to a focus so as to magnify five hundred diameters, we observe the

OBSERVATORY.

It is built in the inverted chowder kettle order of architecture with the top cut gored, and slashed down the sides. By consulting that noted collection of ancient Lehighian prose and blank verse, The Register, we learn that it formerly contained "an equatorial and zenith telescope, an astronomical clock and transit instrument." This interesting collection was however, carried off by the class of eighty-three, who wanted to get something which they could "hand down from class to class, the year of graduation of each being inscribed upon shields engraved upon it."

We now retrace our steps, passing by the old palaces of the rulers of Lehigh. The latter having now moved into elegant structures on the north side of Packer Avenue, which do *not* comport in style and architecture with Packer Hall, their old dwellings are turned into dungeons for the confinement of criminals who have received fifteen inexcused absences during the first term, or twenty during the second. Following on down across the campus we observe two commodious brick edifices. Anybody who refuses to observe two commodious brick edifices or dares to insinuate, after observing, that they are not commodious will be immediately given over to the tender mercies of Buck's blood hound and driven out of the grounds. The one with its tower pointing heavenward, thus indicating by

the method of opposites, the direction in which its various stewards have gone, is Christmas Hall.

We now pass on to Saucon. On the left, room No. 2, is the wheel room of the L. U. Bi. Club. It formerly contained a complete gymnasium, and its walls were decorated by the most beautiful frescoes in lead pencil, but the harsh, uncultivated and Puritanic taste of the club caused them to have it papered, thus ruthlessly destroying some of the rarest gems of art. Admission to the room and the privilege of fingering the machines and breathing on the bright parts can be obtained by seeing the captain, (No. 25 Saucon).

Leaving the bicycle room we now see opposite, a richly furnished apartment occupied by the editors of the LEHIGH BURR. This was fitted up at great expense—on tick, and a subsequent vacuum in the paid subscription list produced a contraction of the currency, which resulted in financial ruin to—the upholsterer.

The other rooms are nearly all alike, the furniture consisting of a bed, two chairs, a table and a euchre deck. When a cut-throat game is played, the third man sits on the trunk. It is said that the only original and authenticated Hendrick Hudson with his tribe of ten-pin rollers, used to go to Lehigh, for often at dead of night may be heard the roar of the heavy iron ball as it goes rolling down the corridors, mingled with the shouts of the full crowd of bowlers.

Leaving Saucon we now turn and commence the ascent of the hill. Half way up, to the left may be seen immense heaps of the ever present Potsd—sandstone. The reason for its presence here is unknown. There is an old legend, that at one time they intended to build a magnificent chemical laboratory, and brought the stone for that purpose, but the workmen, an extremely sensitive and defenseless race now extinct, were driven away by the fierce onslaughts of the free-booting students. The legend is given credence by the recently discovered plans of the building.*

To the right may be seen the rising walls of a substantial building *not* built of Potsd—sandstone, to be named Jones' Hall, after a wealthy trustee who gave the money for its erection. It is to be used as a dormitory. The rooms being in suites of three; a study and two bedrooms. The rents will be sufficiently high to cover the gas bills, and pay a janitor's salary, thus giving the occupants a sense of ownership and a slight feeling of interest in the building they inhabit. Persons experiencing any difficulty in finding this building should procure a pair of prophetic eye glasses.

By this time, if the visitor has faithfully followed the instructions of this invaluable work, he will be in a position to view the library building. It is built of Potsd—sandstone, on the Venetian (which translated from the Lehigh dialect, means Venetian) order of architecture, and presents a very beautiful front toward the north, whose beauty is still further heightened by illumination in the evening. On entering the vestibule, a warning notice is observed. "No Talking in the Library." This however applies only to the attendants. After passing the glass doors, visitors are advised to make the tour of the room, being careful to stumble over all the chairs within kicking distance, and ending up before the clerk's desk where a peace offering of ten cents per capita must be made. A double gratuity, joined with a modest and pleasing address may gain you entrance to the alcoves, but great care must be taken not to handle the books, as there is a blood curdling tradition that a certain unfortunate, who, after looking over the fifth volume of Thackeray's works, put it back between the second and third, was immediately taken to the basement where the elevator was allowed to drop on him. In fact we advise the tourist not to try and obtain an entrance to these hallowed precincts, as they are reserved for editors and seniors. No others need apply. An extended series of observations has rendered it evident that

*For description see May number of the BURR.

the most fitting climax to this tour of inspection, and the one generally indulged in by visitors, is to stand directly under the sky-light, gaze up at the beauties of the same, compress the chest, and say, "Ya-as fine libr'y," until strangulation ensues.

Coming out of the Library we replace our hats, and climb the hill to the

GYMNASIUM.

This Gymnasium is the second best gymnasium in America. After that there is not much more to be said. It has a few errors in construction however, which the visitor will instantly notice. The cupola with glass sides was by a mistake of the architect, placed in the second story, and is now used as a conservatory. It would prove excellent for experiments in the blue glass theory, if the glass was only blue. The race track has also been placed around the gallery instead of the billiard tables, where it would be more frequently used and better records would result. Every student is required to wear a dress suit with pumps or shoes as desired, while in the gymnasium. Visitors will see how rigidly this rule is enforced on Tuesday night.

Another regulation of the gymnasium is that one evening every two weeks shall be set apart for ladies. On such evenings no student unaccompanied by ladies, shall obtain admittance to the lower floor of the gymnasium. This institution tends to forward sociability • betwixt gown and town, and gives all the students an opportunity of remitting in a measure the social obligations which they owe to the ladies of the Bethlehems. The building is finished with white ash throughout, and tastefully papered with regulations.

We have now completed the only authorised round of sight seeing, and leave it to the visitor's ingenuity to get out as best he can. Our contract goes no further.

—Scene, gym.; time, 4.30 A. M., the morning after class-supper. Senior standing on a jumping mattress, his costume consisting of an Opera Hat. "Who' gone —hic— with the sheets and pillows of the sh—hic—bed?"

WHAT CAN WE DO TO ADVANCE OUR STANDING IN COLLEGE ATHLETICS?

THIS question must have suggested itself to more than one student of the University at the last Intercollegiate Meeting. When he considers that the Lehigh students have never put into the field a crew, nine, football team or cricket eleven; that track athletics is the only branch of athletics attempted here; that, even in this line, it is seldom that they have ever brought forward men of more than second or third rate ability;—considering all this, the necessity for a speedy answer, if you would make a more creditable showing next time, is evident.

The first thing to do, is to discover some cause for such a state of affairs; and then, seek to remove it or counteract its influence. There seem to be several. The newness of the Institution and its small number of students, compared with its older and more powerful rivals. Lack of proper facilities, such as a good water course, suitable grounds, and gymnasium. Last, but not least, a want of enthusiasm and determined resolve among the students themselves.

Time alone can remove the first two of these evils; though the latter of them, namely, that the Lehigh Athletic Association has less than two hundred men to pick from, while at Harvard or Yale this number is quadruple, can be offset by a greater energy among the few.

The gymnasium just completed, and the new grounds that are expected to be ready in the fall, no longer allow any excuse for defeat on this score. Columbia holds five of the records, and Yale three; yet their athletes have to go a couple of miles to reach a track.

The last cause is really the most serious of the three, and you must pardon me if I dwell at some length upon it. No college afflicted with indifference, however fine its facilities for exercise, can ever hope for fame in the athletic world. With an intense, wide-spread enthusiasm among the students for Athletics, laurels must inevitably crown their efforts.

Track athletics are no longer a new branch in this country. The records, equal in a few cases, are fast approaching the English ones, and each year sees one or more cut down still lower. Can you then expect to make any showing in such a competition with a dilatory practice of one or two weeks? It is because of the lack of a determination to keep up a vigorous, systematic course of training, that your records are no better. Let there once be a feeling in every man in college, that not only does the winning of a prize count for his individual credit, but no less brings glory to the college at large; then, no man who has, or even suggests any possible promise of good points, will be allowed to hang back, or content himself with doing anything but his very best. Something can be done by all of you to encourage and foster the growth of such a sentiment. Do not think because you never have done anything, you never can. Among the multifarious things that nobody knows how well he can accomplish till he tries, walking and running must be enumerated as one of the first. Bear in mind, that it is no disgrace to be well defeated. That to lose in good form, is far better than to win in poor style. If you are incapacitated for competing, urge those of your friends who are not, to go in; and make it a point to get out to the track daily, to criticise and encourage those who are training. If you find it difficult to spare the time, remember that half or three quarters of an hour taken regularly, and made the most of, will accomplish wonders. Subscribe liberally to the Athletic Association, that it may not be hampered in its actions. To the latter I would recommend establishing a special day shortly before the University games, for the freshmen; offering additional medals for lowering any of the records; starting hare and hound runs in the fall, with cups for the winners, and also to the hound making the best run. If men will go to work in this manner, the Lehigh athletes may confidently expect before long to find themselves in the front ranks.

W. H. H.

BANNER DAY.

THE seniors have made every effort to make the first Banner Day a success; of course there may be some things that can be improved upon, but experience must bring these into notice.

The exercises will be held upon the campus and the class will form back of Packer and march to the platform erected in the grove on the right hand side of the drive.

The programme is as follows:

MARCH, *Wiegand.*
OVERTURE, *Brooks.*

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS,
R. R. Peale.

ORATION,
F. H. Purnell.

CLARIONET SOLO, *Thornton.*

PRESENTATIONS,
R. Stinson,

SELECTION, *Strauss.*

POEM,
H. A. Porterfield.

GALOP, *Wiegand.*

PROPHECY,
Walter Briggs.

CORNET SOLO, *Levy.*

TOAST TO OUR ALMA MATER.

IMMORTELEN WALTZ, *Gungl.*

MARCH, *Reeves.*

The class will then form and march back to Packer.

SELECTIONS, *Braham.*

HANGING THE BANNER.

SERENADE, *Missud.*

BANNER ODE,
The Class.

YE OLDEN TIMES, *Beyser.*

A COMMENCEMENT BOOMERANG.

“ASKED anybody to the Hop, Conway?” I inquired of that gentleman the other day.

"Lots," he replied, "all my poor relations, creditors and the usual number of fair friends. It's a good way to pay off old debts."

"How many do you expect to accept? You'd better start a hotel," I suggested.

"Accept? they won't accept, I can't afford such luxuries I only ask those that I know are going somewhere else."

"Look out that you're not boomeranged, my young friend," I called after him as he sauntered away.

"O, I'm safe, I won't mail the bids for the disengaged ones until the day of the hop." And the ingenuous youth left me, whistling and happy in being a conditioned sophomore.

Thursday morning I was startled by his bursting into my room with an open letter in his hand which he waved triumphantly before my eyes. "The Schuylers," he explained: "They've accepted my bid." I thought they were going to Harvard, but they've decided to honor Lehigh instead. I want you to help me show them the place. They must meet only the best fellows, you know. And, I say, could you lend me about twenty dollars, for carriages, bouquets and all that? Their arrival's so unexpected that I ——"

"I thought I'd have to pay for that compliment," I said, as I parted my rapidly disappearing roll of bills.

"Thanks old fellow, very much. Come over to the Eagle at three and drive over with us to the 'Varsity. Tell the fellows to keep some dances for my 'lioness.' Good bye."

About three o'clock I took my hat and stick and started for the Eagle. I was surprised to find Maur waiting for me in the office. "Where are your friends," I asked "Didn't they come?"

"Great Jove! Yes, they've come!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Come in here." I followed him into the commercial room. "The Burtons!" he said, "they are coming too. They told me they were going to Princeton, but they've changed their precious minds and will be here on the four o'clock

train. I've arranged it all right. I'm equal to the emergency, but you will have to take Mrs. Schuyler and her daughter over to see the University. I told them I was class president and had to be at the station to meet the Board of Trustees—that it's a custom 'known to the ancients.' I'll take this latest surprise party to the Sun and come here for dinner at six, go back to take supper with the Burtons at seven. I mustn't let them know there is a pair of them, you see. Take them to the Hop at eight—can't help it, if it is rather early, I'm arranging this programme. Come back for the Schuylers at nine. Tell the boys not to grind me until I get the Schuylers out of town. If they find out my ambiguous conduct it will ruin me socially—I'm ruined financially already, I'll never be able to return to Bethlehem again. I could face the faculty but not my creditors, I'm a sinking fund as it is."

After I had taken Conway's friends over the buildings I hastened to the Sun to find the over-hospitable youth. On my way up I met him, hat in hand, hair flying and his eyes wildly rolling. "Conway" I called, "Stop. Where are you going?"

"Going mad" he cried. "Look at this, man. What am I to do *now*?" I'm lost—ruined. Another invitation has boomeranged me." He shoved a telegram into my hand and sank on a neighboring doorstep. The telegram ran "Got your invitation last night. Will arrive 4.44. Gus Stokes and the Betz boys are coming too. Sadie Bering."

"You deserve it, Conway" I said, though more in pity than anger. "Who are these people?" "O, I don't know, he groaned, "regular cads, the men, and the girls of the Daisy Miller type. I met all of them at Ocean Grove while I was there one day. You know what sort that is—well enough for the seashore but imagine them up here. We were on a sort of a lark, had our tin-types taken, and that sort of thing. I made some absurd promise about having them up for the Hop. I was a sub fresh then, you know. Great Jove,

how the follies of our youth pursue us. I sent 'em that bid to end and square matters. I never thought they would have the impudence to accept it. And now—well, I've telegraphed 'em that the small-pox has broken out again and that I've been expelled and sent home. That ought to keep 'em away."

As he spoke I heard a shrill female voice call from a passing omnibus "Con, I say, Conway! There's Conway now." I saw the 'bus stop and a couple of imitation dudes descend, followed by two gorgeous creatures and a rather stout and overdressed personage, evidently the chaperone. Waving their lace covered parasols, the maidens charged upon Conway who clapped his hat on his head turned red in the face and after starting to one side and the other, like a stag at bay sprang forward in pursuit of the departing omnibus. His friends surrounded him clasped him by the hands and bore him off panting and stammering towards the hotel.

During the first waltz that evening, I saw Maur bring in Mrs. Burton and her daughters on schedule time and after turning them over to me to see that their cards were eligibly filled, excused himself on the ground of his being class treasurer and so obliged to see to the supper and started after his second load. When he entered the next time the Burtons were fortunately engaged, and his second triumphal entry was accomplished without detection. He settled a professor on Mrs. Schuyler and saw after Miss Schuyler's card himself.

As soon as I was able I took him aside and inquired after the Berings. "Oh that's settled, settled by the Fates. They're imprisoned in their rooms. Just listen! I took 'em to the Pacific House. Had to do it, all other places full, and brought two soph's to look after them. When I went back at half-past seven to attend to them and eat a third supper, I found Mrs. Bering nearly frantic. The girls and their friends had determined to have a row on the river, before they started for the Hop. The

sophs took them down, dress suits, ball dresses and all, and notwithstanding Mrs. B's commands, they boarded a boat and started for a sunset row. Imagine it, will you? They struck a rock near the island and one of those cads got excited and tipped the whole party, girls, dresses and all into the Lehigh. It isn't deep enough to hurt them, you know, but it just settled their coming to the ball for *this* evening. I treated the sophs to champagne and left the whole party enjoying themselves in the Pacific House parlor to the intense amusement of the brakemen, drummers, and transient boarders. I know it seems rather rough but they're having a better time than we are—I am, I should say."

Later in the evening, we (I speak of my brother conspirator and myself) considered the schemes of man and the power of the elements as lost, for the Berings, with their faithful followers once more in every day attire appeared in the gallery and hailed Conway whenever he approached with shouts and witticisms that almost ended our little deception. Again when Mrs. Schuyler inquired who those people were, an unhappy freshman not knowing who had been Mrs. B's escort, nearly exposed us, but Hasting came to the rescue and answered her, "they are friends of a classmate of Conway's and as class-feeling is very strong here, Conway has to be polite to them." Then the Burtons asked who that lovely girl was with Mr. Maur, and another youth said he didn't know, but Conway had brought them. Such ignorance of the subject settled the doubts of the Burtons and after Conway's scaring them off by assuring Mrs. B. that her daughter looked very tired and that he knew their partners would excuse them, both parties were driven off home as before, and for a season Conway was at rest.

The next morning he woke me about twelve, his usual unanimity restored and in the best of humors. "Well," he said, "Pretty close shave wasn't it? The Burtons got off this morning, said they found it very enjoyable and

interesting. If they found it as interesting as I did, *I'm* satisfied. The gentle Berings were telegraphed to come home *at once*. I guess *pater familias* must have got that telegram about the small-pox. And now I'm going over to take *one* dinner with Miss Schuyler and enjoy the remainder of the ceremonies with that relish which is inseparable with a good conscience."

A DOG, A DUTCH WOMAN AND A REVOLVER.

"WELL?"
"Well."

We had been sitting under a shade tree for at least a half hour, when the above interesting conversation took place between Brown and Neversweat, who immediately relapsed again into gloomy silence. Ever since Prof. — had told us to find the height of that spring, the vigor and freshness of youth seemed to have fled from the party, and here we sat under the tree, with big beads of perspiration standing out like gum—no I mean rain drops, upon our foreheads. We puffed our pipes in silence for a while and then Brown spoke up.

"I say Craps!"

"Well?"

"Do you owe me anything?"

"No."

Then a longer silence ensued, when the deep tones of Neversweat's voice rang out—

"Craps!"

"What?"

"Do you remember that examination in Dutch I helped you out of?"

"By Jove, I do, and—"

"Will you do me a favor?"

"With all my heart," I answered.

In a moment Brown's arms were around my neck and he sobbed like a child, while Neversweat shook my hand and called me a good fellow, and shook my hand again and muttered something about the "brewery on the way down," etc.

"Come," said I, "enough of this nonsense. What can I do for you?"

"Why put this rod on that stone in the middle of that field. Deuced kind of you too, I'll never forget it, good-bye, old man, good-bye."

"Pshaw! don't make such a fool of yourself, and the next time you go leveling, you had better leave beer alone."

I got over the fence and walked leisurely over to the stone, wondering what ailed the boys, but I did not wonder long for I had no sooner set the rod up than I heard the most awful din that ever penetrated mortal ears. It sounded somewhat like an alarm clock, but more like a powder magazine going off in sections. Fizz! bang! it went and ended up with the word "hund" which had a certain teutonic ring in it not the most pleasant even to a man who had "flunked out" in that long-winded dialect. Ah! They had been here before. I understood it now. In a moment more, I saw his canine majesty sauntering toward me. I suppose he was sauntering for he would take three steps and then turn around and grab a flea. Any way there was no doubt as to the direction. "Good doggy, good doggy." I coaxed. It seemed to have an effect for he stopped at the fence, leaned up against a post and smiled. Then he scratched his head with his left hind leg and closed one eye at me like a freshman trying to find his mark on the bulletin board. Then he slowly turned around, elevated his patrician tail, and returned to the hand that sent him. In a moment more and my blood froze with terror for there at the fence was a woman. She had a revolver. It was pointed at me. Did I go out? No, I ran out.

"Zwuiknerbucklzukigpk" the woman shrieked.

"Schwleullingbortblaettenbaum" said Neversweat.

This was certainly clinching if not comforting. It was "the soft answer that turneth away wrath," for the fierce expression van-

ished like the smoke from a Dutch oven and a genial smile passed over her shining fat face as Neversweat stood bowing and scraping before her, hat in hand.

"He who fights and runs away" sang Brown as he levelled up, casting a sly glance at me from the corner of his eye.

"Craps, my boy, put her there" exclaimed Neversweat coming up, "you run well; fine action I assure you. But how did you manage that fence?"

"Now look here, boys"—

"That's all right" interrupted Brown "just lug back the level will you? and by the way—what? O yes of course we'll have something on you,—and—mumm's the word."

EXCHANGES.

WITH the issue of the last number of each volume, the Ex. ed. generally seizes the opportunity of giving a *resume* of the observations he has made during the year, a sort of review of the field of journalism from the elevated stand-point to which he is supposed to have attained. Said standpoint in our case is not sufficiently elevated to command a view of more than one-fourth of the surrounding landscape, and as our eyesight has been spoiled by the villainous typography of some of our smaller brethren, only prominent objects attract our notice.

Some of the brotherhood imitate the swan, singing only at their death, and then spreading themselves over a page or so of machine poetry. This was the case with Friend Ephraim of the *Argo* whose sudden demise was caused by convulsions brought on by reading his own production.

The majority of the representatives of the principal colleges have preserved during the year the stale and even tenor of their way, ruffled only by an occasional misunderstanding with the faculty or prolonged mudslinging match with some one of their neighbors. The *Princetonian* and *Crimson* have changed their issue from bi-weekly to weekly.

The great T. Carlyle Smith has gone under a cloud and—but we refrain, or somebody will make ugly remarks about hitting a man when he is down. Among the recruits appear the *Argonaut* and *Chaff* both of which have amply fulfilled their early promise.

The idea has been slowly forcing itself upon us that "the *Crimson* is the model college paper." In that it has news, reliable and interesting news together with clear, common sense leaders. And while not "devoted to the advancement of Science and Literature" it publishes an occasional story, or article on subjects of college interest which do not require an overpowering sense of duty on the part of the reader to ensure their perusal.

To satisfy some of our critics who remark frequently on the fewness of the BURR's Kernels we have collected statistics of the amount of locals which a few of the standard papers contain.

The *Acta* leads off with an average of two thousand words. This includes notes from the Law School and School of Mines. The *Courant* and *Record* follow, with two thousand and eighteen hundred words respectively, including notes from Sheff, and much that is more general than local. Then comes the *Princetonian*, the *Athenaum* and the *Argo* with thirteen hundred, twelve hundred and fifty, and twelve hundred respectively. While the BURR averages thirteen hundred. So that on any just system of classification we are up to the average in point of quantity at any rate.

There is one other little thing that we must speak of before we die, and that is the recklessness which some papers display in dubbing us the "Lehigh Bun." Now while we of course acknowledge, confidentially, that the BURR does take the bun on every occasion, it is too great a strain on our native modesty to have it thrown at us in this public manner.

And now for the valedictory! With charity toward none, with malice toward all, we lay down the pen—No we don't, it's a Mackinnon!—or rather, put away the shears—Confound it

they're missing!—that is, we mean, we lower the curtain. (Oh, that's too old!) Ha! got it now, we kick over the waste basket (happy thought that!) and retire. MAX.

KERNELS.

- The senior class graduates twenty-nine men.
- Sophomore Cremation Monday night, June 18th.
- A number of '83 men are coming back for another year.
- Commencement in the Opera House, Thursday, June 21.
- Junior Reception to senior class Tuesday evening, June 19th.
- Banner-day on the campus, Wednesday afternoon, June 20th.
- Junior Oratorical contest Wednesday morning, June 20th.
- W. J. Snyder, '85, is now at the Indiana Asbury University.
- Marsteller is building the railroad for the Juragua Iron Co., Cuba.
- The seniors will have the Weccaco Band of Philadelphia on Banner Day.
- The juniors have issued eight hundred invitations to their hop on June 19th.
- Address before Alumni by Thomas M. Drown, M. D., Wednesday evening, June 20th.
- The senior tax for Commencement will be \$15, less than half of what it has ever been before.
- The sophomores will have the Bethlehem Band of thirty pieces to head their cremation procession.
- A number of senior engineers went down to examine the Brooklyn Bridge during the senior vacation.
- The seniors have sent out twelve hundred invitations for Commencement and one thousand for Banner-day.
- “Yes, I'm an alumni.”
- “Alumnus, you mean. Alumni means two.”
- “Well, I felt like two, Wednesday night.”
- “Well, old fellow, did you ‘trip the light fantastic toe’ last night?”
- “Yes, but it belonged to a young lady.”
- The music for Commencement Day and for the Junior Reception and Oratorical contest will be by Hassler's Orchestra of Philadelphia.
- Eight Lafayette men and a catcher beat our nine on the twenty-fourth. The latter said he was a freshman but was uncertain whether the present freshman class was '83 or '86.—*Williams Argo.*
- Senior: “Wasn't that a delightful hop given by the '84 men?”
- Somebody's Sister: “Why, did it take eighty-four men to give that hop? How many students have you here?”

—Professor of Chemistry: “What is meerschau, Mr. D —.”

Mr. D —, guessing wildly, “Clay?”

Professor, sorrowfully, “Yours may be, Mr. D —, mine is not.”

—Prof. in Chemistry, Quiz: “What precaution would you take before descending a well, Mr. F —?”

Mr. F —, after deep thought: “O I'd take a lamp down with me.” Class applauds thinking a little more light wouldn't hurt him.

—Vivacious Stranger: “Who is that gawky youth who can't manage his crush hat?”

Student: “Well, I rather think that's my brother.”

V. S.: “O! I beg your pardon, I might have known it—I mean, O! Take me to mamma!”

—Overheard conversation of seniors returning from class-supper: 1st senior, (who is mellow and is growing poetical) “The dewy morn is breaking —”

2d senior, (whose cynicism increases as his hat grows smaller) “Oh! you are off, it's only the furnaces.”

—He: “Wouldn't you like to go up in the gallery and look down on the dancers?”

She: (Confused) “No, I guess not.” (Pause) “How do you get up there?”

He: “There are stairs in the hall, leading up.”

She: “Why, what are those ladders for?”

—“Who is this young Moore Palmer has been plagiarizing from?” asked one Yale senior of another. “Blessed if I know,” was the reply; “I have looked over the college records, but I fail to find any one of that name,” and then they went into the gymnasium and began pounding each other with boxing gloves.—*Ex.*

—Student, to workman: “Well, Pat, is it warm enough for you?”

Pat, hastily retreating: “Now you leave me alone or I'll tell your President, see if I don't.” Reports the outrage to Percy Reeves & Co., who promptly forward letter to President which is inflicted on suffering student.

—“Hello, Luftagen, what's the matter? you look lonely.”

“Yes, had another dose of Hop Bitters.”

“What do you mean?”

“Went for my dance with Miss Witely, and she said, ‘I'm just awfully sorry Mr. Luftagen but I forgot this was Mr. Skipper's waltz when I promised it to you.’ Come, let's have another glass of punch.”

—The seniors at a recent class-meeting decided to hold a reunion in three years. At the end of five years a pamphlet will be published containing a letter from each man stating interesting facts about himself and prospects. The standing secretary will be kept continually informed of the movements of the men and their addresses can be obtained from him at any time.

—The bicycle club had a club-run to Easton on Saturday, June 2d. Several members started but only Capt. Packard and two men came in at the finish, the former riding the entire distance without fall or forced dismount. The heavy percentage of stragglers was due to breakdowns and the frightful condition of the roads, which had just been “made,” that being the Pennsylvania Dutch expression for throwing on turf, sand and old junk. Owing to the above-mentioned condition of the roads, the club returned per baggage car of L. V. R. R. Several men intend riding to Reading after Commencement.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

❖ ❖ JUNE 1883. ❖ ❖



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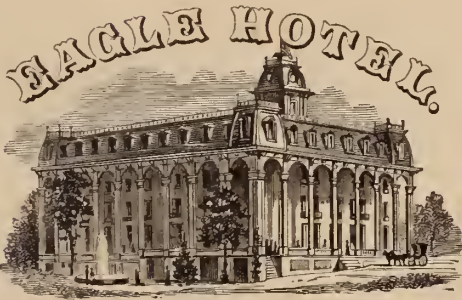
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